**When the truth comes out**

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# When the truth comes out

by Anonymous

Summary

Lime tries to deal with their feelings for Blue. Blue doesn't make it easy.

Notes

Prepare for mutual blime pining... this is an AU where the aliens never hatched aboard the ship, so it's more of a routine voyage with all of the crew still alive. Just wanted to focus on Lime and Blue's cute-ass dynamic. Enjoy <3

# Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lime pocketed their wrench and slapped the panel of the medbay door, pleased with themself.

“Fixed it right up. No aliens gettin’ ya today!” they declared.

Blue looked over from a stack of papers they were filing.

“Thank you, Lime,” they said warmly. They seemed to think for a moment, then snapped their fingers. “Oh—and I do hate to bother you further, but if you get the chance, would you mind retrieving one of my pens that fell into the vent? Red dropped it earlier while signing some forms.”

Lime huffed. If it were any other crewmate, they wouldn’t have bothered, but the soft hum of Blue’s voice was impossible to deny.

“Fine,” Lime muttered, bending to open the grate, “but after this I really gotta get to workin’ on that reactor. Pumps are actin’ like shit, and I’m sure those damn gremlins are behind it.”

Blue nodded, placing a hand to their chest. “I understand. I appreciate the work that you do for our ship, and I promise that I won’t ask any more of you today.” Lime felt their neck warm as they muttered a half-reply, turned, and dropped into the vent. They felt around the edges for Blue’s pen until locating it in a corner beside an old tennis ball.

“Got the sucker,” Lime called. They popped their head back out of the chute, handing it to Blue. “Fell a weirdly long distance down here. Might’ve been carried. Better wash it twice just to be safe.”

“Thank you, Lime,” Blue hummed, brushing Lime’s thumb as they took the pen from them. Lime’s heart jumped at the touch; they grabbed for the vent lid with slightly sweaty palms.

“Yeah, whatever. Don’t go botherin’ me again, now,” they let out, dropping into the dark.

They made their way through the narrow, looping tunnels, occasionally mumbling at the shapes of what they imagined to be gremlins. They made a few turns in the direction of the reactor room and swallowed, composing themself. Just talking to Blue always left them with a warmth they couldn’t seem to shake, and the weakness bothered them more than they cared to admit.

There were many things they didn’t trust in this world—most of all television, radio waves, jet pilots, and Mormons—but they did trust Blue, in a way. The issue was trust’s paving of a road to betrayal and sin. Lime made a sign of the cross, digging around for their wrench

again. They heard the hum of the reactor nearing above them and popped out of the vent to the room, faced with the soft glow of the nuclear core.

“There she is,” they muttered, placing a hand on the base. “I’m gonna fix ya right.”

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It was proving a more difficult task than expected.

The reactor repair had been stretching on for days, and Lime was growing increasingly paranoid of sabotage. They’d already encircled it twice in holy water, and that should have repelled the gremlins; it could only be the crewmates or an alien that was jamming up the poor thing’s tubes.

Lime huffed, examining the locks to the room. They were worried, and in that worry came a fear for Blue’s safety. They really didn’t give a shit about the other crewmates, but if there was any form of danger or sabotage, they wanted Blue to be safe.

That was their excuse as they passed by the medbay door, checking and rechecking the lock they had repaired. Tight seal. No aliens. The steel was surely thick enough to block any nascent radio waves as well.

As they were testing the emergency handle again, the door opened to Blue, standing prim with their clipboard in hand.

“Oh!” Blue said fondly. “Lime, I was just about to look for you. I really, truly hate to bother you with this, but I appear to have lost my stethoscope, and I suspect it may have fallen in the vent. Would you mind taking a look for me again?”

Lime grunted. They didn't have time for this. “I guess, but you’ve got a bigger problem on your hands if you keep losin’ all that crap down there.” They rubbed the back of their neck as they followed Blue into medbay, annoyed at their own inability to say no. “You keep lettin’ this slide and those gremlins will rob you for all you're worth."

Blue hummed. “I assure you, this was a result of my own negligence. I—simply dropped it in the process of filling out paperwork. I’ll return to my filing now, and you can be on your way after.”

They sat at their desk and began to write something. Lime bent over the vent, seeing if they could spot the stethoscope from above. When they glanced over their shoulder, Blue was staring at them. Blue snapped their gaze back to their papers.

“Ay, you good, doc?” Lime called.

Blue nodded, clearing their throat. “Yes, of course. Carry on.”

Lime jumped into the vent and felt around the base of the chute. The stethoscope was lying right beneath them.

“The thing’s right here,” Lime shouted, clamoring back up. They held it out gruffly to Blue.

“Thank you, Lime,” Blue purred, placing their palm in Lime’s as they took it. Lime’s cheeks warmed; they looked away, rubbing the spot on their hand where they had touched.

A moment passed; Lime coughed. “So… I guess you’re, uh, goin’ back to hearing people’s hearts now?”

“Yes. It’s important for me to listen to my patients at every level, and any good checkup begins with the heart,” Blue said warmly. They leaned towards Lime, and Lime was struck by the closeness of their visor, the tenderness of their expression. “...Would you like me to listen to yours? It can reveal quite a bit.”

Lime was transfixed for a moment by the honey of their voice, the handsome curve of their face. They thought of Blue’s hands pressing to their chest before averting their gaze, their cheeks suddenly burning.

“My heart is fine,” they let out. “I ain’t lettin’ big pharma record my cardio waves to sell them to investors.” Really, they cursed the fact that their pulse was thrumming harder than ever; whatever it might “reveal” to Blue was something sooner to be dead and buried. Lime scrambled for the lid vent, then pointed at Blue over their shoulder.

“And listen, keep some holy water in this place before ya lose any more shit to them gremlins,” they said, taking a jar from their pocket and placing it on the floor.

Blue looked pleased. “Thank you, Lime,” they hummed, before Lime dropped back into safe darkness.

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Having an infatuation for a hot doctor was not something they could discuss on their message boards, nor with anyone else on the ship. They didn't trust others to keep their mouths shut; any gossip was sure to spread and make its way back to Blue.

It was why Lime couldn't stand hearing their co-workers gush and fawn over the doctor. It was stupid, tactless, and could obviously only be weaponized against them.

Lime huffed. They themselves weren’t so desperate for Blue's attention. Sure, they may have searched the internet a fair amount of times about what “psychosomatic” meant and how to use the word “edema” in a sentence, but they would be a fool to think Blue would ever notice.

Blue was much too good for them. Blue was too good for anybody, Lime thought: that was why Lime found themselves hiding beneath the medbay vent, listening in on a visit they’d

been having with Purple.

“I appreciate you patching me up,” Purple had said, their voice bright with admiration.

“Of course,” Blue replied, “I’m always happy to help; your safety is my top priority.”

Lime groaned as they heard Purple sigh and fawn over them. They always noticed when Blue was flattering another crewmate, speaking in the same velvety tone they used to address them.

Of course, they weren’t jealous.

And they certainly weren’t jealous when they found themselves beneath the vent the day after, eavesdropping on a paperwork exchange between Orange and Blue.

“You’re so… *organized*, doctor,” Orange drawled, their voice low and sultry.

“Indeed, I pride myself on it. There’s no greater way to showcase professionalism and commitment.” Lime attempted to peer through the vent grate, but they could only see Blue's legs as they walked towards the door. “I’m sure you’re very familiar with organization yourself,” Blue commented.

Orange giggled stupidly as they left, and Lime grunted. They didn't know how they kept ending up there. They’d just be minding their own business, trying to get to weapons or oxygen, and the next thing they knew, they were back beneath medbay.

Odd enough for them to keep gravitating to one spot; they were sure that the radiation from the scanner had something to do with it.

Blue cleared their throat from above the vent.

“I hear you in there, Lime. Would you like to speak to me about anything?”

Lime flushed. “Why—I’m not speakin’ about anything,” they stuttered. “You can’t make me.”

“Very well. I’d appreciate it if you respect patient confidentiality while I’m with the others, but I would love for you to pay me a visit if you ever wish to talk.”

“I ain’t given’ up nothin’. My right to be in these vents is my own. Just remember there’s eyes and ears everywhere,” Lime let out, clamoring away with their chest oddly tight.

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They’d definitely been putting something into the water. There was no other explanation for it all—the sick feeling they got even hearing Blue’s voice, the dreams they’d wake up from,

all dizzy and hot from the thought of Blue's touch. They prayed every night for it to be through, but the devil's work was never so easily exiled.

Really, the more pressing issue was the reactor. They still couldn't bring it to fully stabilize. Lime huffed as they turned a corner in the vent system, feeling around for their wrench. They found it still attached to their toothbrush in a crucifix, and they grabbed it before making their way to the reactor.

They kept thinking about the times Blue had touched them in the past week—on the tip of their ring finger, the base of their palm. It'd be a blessing once they got off of this ship, away from whatever curse they'd been inflicted with.

There was nothing to be found in so-called "stability." You linger in one place too long, and cops learn your name. You settle down in a home, and the IRS starts calling.

You get attached, and there's no telling what could happen—trust is a construct and a path to betrayal, Judas welcomed with open arms.

Lime heard the familiar hum of fans above them and popped up from the vent, crawling over to the reactor. They drew their hand along one of its pipes, forlorn.

"Poor baby. What've they been doin' to ya?" Lime muttered, retrieving their tools. They worked for several hours, replacing pipes and repairing paneling, until it dawned on them to check on the backup generator. It'd been in storage, but it would make for a good fallback in case anything further happened to the reactor.

Lime found it tucked away in the corner, a massive hunk of metal still in its box. The thing was nearly taller than them. They spit into their palms and rubbed them together, grabbing it by the bottom.

With a growl, they attempted to lift it, straining against its weight. Their fingers were numb as they readjusted, sweat trailing their neck. They heaved and just managed to lift it before a pain ripped through their back, hot and blindingly sharp.

"For the love of all things holy!" Lime cried, falling onto the ground. They grimaced, their muscles stabbing as they attempted to stand.

Of course they had to throw out their back. They rubbed their forehead, grumbling.

Someone would find them eventually, yes, but it was only a question of whether an alien or a crewmate got to them first. They were in a weak state; they would be easy to ambush if a damn gremlin happened to come upon them, and then all of their tools would be stolen and pawned.

Just as they were contemplating this, the door to the reactor room opened. Purple and Blue had come with a stretcher.

Blue rushed over to Lime, kneeling and taking their hand.

"Purple said they saw you injure yourself on the security cameras. What happened?"

Lime blinked, suddenly embarrassed to be seen on the ground. “Nah—I’m fine, doc, nothin’ happened. Was just liftin’ something, is all.” Lime paused. “Didn’t have any trouble with it either, just takin’ a break here on the floor.”

Blue looked at them worriedly. “Are you able to stand for me?”

Lime attempted before cursing at a fresh jolt of pain. They laid back down, grunting and avoiding Blue’s gaze. “...Might’ve thrown out my back,” they muttered.

Blue nodded. “You’re likely experiencing muscle spasms. Don’t worry; I’ll take you to the medical bay.” They turned to Purple. “Thank you for informing me of this. I’ll handle it from here.”

Purple nodded and left. Lime winced as Blue brought the stretcher over to them, their body hot and uncomfortably sweaty. It didn’t help when Blue leaned over them and peered into their face, the soft gleam of their visor the only thing in view.

“I’m going to move you now,” Blue murmured. They reached beneath Lime’s legs and lifted them effortlessly, bringing an oddly choked noise out of them.

“How the hell can you just pick me up like that?” Lime huffed.

“Well, it’s quite simple. You’re relatively smaller in stature compared to the average crewmate, and I have experience transporting patients.”

Lime bristled. “Hey, only reason we’ve been gettin’ progressively taller as a species is because they’ve been puttin’ growth hormones in the dyes, and I’m not fallin’ for it. Being vertically streamlined helps me fit through the vents, anyway.”

They grunted as Blue placed them on the stretcher and wheeled them into the medbay, parking them in a corner.

Blue pulled out a handful of ice packs from the freezer. "I didn’t mean to imply anything negative with my comment,” they said amiably. “It was only a simple observation. Some people may even find your stature rather endearing.”

“Oh yeah?” Lime asked. “Like who?”

Blue coughed, then cracked one of the ice packs in their hand. “Try this cooling pack. Place it directly where the pain is, and it should help.”

Lime averted their gaze again, sliding the ice under their back. Really, it’d be better if they took their backpack off, but they were already embarrassed enough without getting half-naked in front of Blue.

They attempted to readjust. Another flash of pain shot through them, and they winced.

Blue retrieved a bottle of pills from the medicine cabinet and shook one into their hand. “May I offer you some pain medication?”

Lime scowled. “Oh no, I don’t trust nothin’ from big pharma. That shit is poison from the inside out.”

Blue took their hand gently. “I assure you, Lime, this is no such thing. I’ve formulated this myself and am certain of its safety and efficacy. The last thing I’d do is willingly compromise your health.”

Lime stared at them, their mind suddenly blank. They grumbled and looked to the floor.

“Fine, but just this once,” they muttered.

“Thank you. I appreciate your trust in me." Blue handed them a glass of water, and Lime grimaced before downing it and the pill. When they were finished, Blue reclined the bed slightly and propped Lime up with an extra pillow.

“Are you comfortable now?” Blue asked.

Lime attempted to move, then winced. “Comfortable as I can be, I guess. Feels like somethin’s stabbin’ me from behind.”

Blue nodded, placing a hand on their thigh.

“Your muscles are extremely tense. The ice should help, but gentle stretching and massaging would benefit you as well.” They leaned in, their visor shining softly. “Would you be interested in some massage therapy?” they asked, their voice a low hum.

Lime blinked. The thought of Blue’s hands on them, much less their bare lower back, was enough to send them into full fight-or-flight. They flailed and slapped Blue’s hand away, their heart pounding.

“Nah, that—that’s not needed. I’m fine now,” Lime said, their cheeks flaming.

“Very well,” Blue replied. They reached for their clipboard and brought their chair beside Lime. “Would you mind telling me exactly how this happened, then? I have to document it for Orange’s records and my own.”

Lime crossed their arms, trying to slow the pounding of their heart. “Well… I was just fixin’ up the reactor some more. Thing’s been a pain in the ass lately, and I know it’s bein’ sabotaged by something. Gremlins, or aliens... somethin’s not right,” they grumbled.

Blue nodded and wrote something on their clipboard.

“I was gettin’ out the generator in case the reactor went under,” Lime continued, “and when I tried to lift it, this happened.” They clenched their fist, suddenly annoyed. “It’s all because of Mira cuttin’ corners and throwin’ us out here to die,” they spat. “Everything’s a cover-up by the execs to hide what’s really happening—those greedy bastards don’t give a shit if the ship’s workin’ or not. Now I’m expected to do a job alone that’d usually take five other people. I can’t afford to have a damn back problem.”

Blue listened intently, regarding them with what seemed to be silent appreciation, even admiration.

“I completely agree with what you're saying,” they said in earnest, “And I’m sorry that you were put in such a compromising position.” They came face-to-face with Lime, placing a hand to their own heart. “I’ll talk to Orange about your concerns and make them file a report to Mira HQ. My promise.”

Lime’s mind blanked. They’d never been respected or listened to in such a way, and the feeling was completely foreign. They glanced back at the ground, amazed that Blue truly cared for what they had to say.

“Well, I… I still think that they planted them damn gremlins in here just so they could write off the damage," Lime spat weakly.

Blue hummed. “If I find any of those gremlins here, I’ll be sure to call you right away.”

Lime was suddenly appalled at the thought of them harming Blue, grabbing Blue’s shirt collar.

“Oh, if they *ever* even come close to ya, they’ll be more than dead. Believe me.”

Lime’s grip loosened; it almost looked like Blue was blushing. They let them go, and Blue cleared their throat.

“I... admire your passion and dedication, Lime. Please just be careful. I care—very deeply—about your safety.”

Lime’s hands still tingled as Blue rose and returned to their computer, clicking onto it. “I’m going to transfer and document your injury, now, but I assure you that the information will be confidential and protected." They began reading aloud what they were typing. “...Patient presents with severe involuntary muscle contractions in the lumbar region after strenuous lifting of a heavy object. Is that accurate?”

“Lumbar,” Lime muttered. “That’s lower back, yeah?”

Blue beamed. “Right you are. Where did you learn that?”

Lime’s cheeks burned; answering “I once Googled ‘medical terms to make you sound smart’” seemed far too embarrassing.

“Uh… got it from a buddy that went through the same thing,” Lime replied.

“Ah! Very well.” Blue finished typing the report and kelt down to their filing cabinet, leafing through the tabs. From where they lay, Lime could see the soft curves of Blue’s backside, the shape of their hands; Lime was transfixed, warming until they could feel the sweat trailing their forehead.

It wasn't their fault their mind kept wandering. The constant touching, Blue’s velvety voice, the massage offer—it was like it had been planted in their head, choking their thoughts of

anything else.

This was bad. Weeks of hormones in the water had to have led them to such a point. What was one to do when their every free thought was about what Blue's fingers might feel like running along them?

There was no cure but abstention and prayer; their message boards had already proved woefully inadequate when searching for ways to get over an infatuation with a doctor. Most of the people on their forum warned that it placed them at a dangerously high risk for organ harvesting.

Lime stumbled out of bed, the movement sending a burst of pain through them. The cramps had just subsided enough for them to stand, but they were dizzy and hot, their breathing strained.

“Well—thanks for the help, doc,” they let out, hobbling quickly over to the vent.

Blue looked alarmed. “Wait, Lime—I think it’s best if you stay here and recover for a day or two. You’re not fit to be walking around.”

Lime waved them off, dropping into the chute. “Nah, I feel great, actually,” they blurted. “Appreciate the ice pack. Love and peace, big dog.” They slammed the grate behind them and rushed further into the vent, groaning at the strain on their back.

They were still sore as hell, but it was better than being in that damn room with Blue and their witchcraft. The pill they had taken was probably full of hormones, too; it'd explain why they couldn't seem to calm down.

"Fuckin' humiliating," Lime grumbled, adjusting themselves.

They figured some holy water would probably set them straight.

Chapter End Notes

Lime’s official fun fact is that they’re afraid of intimacy which is essentially the entire basis for this fic lol

Also: I know it makes no sense for them to use cervical/thoracic/lumbar terminology since crewmates have a total of One (1) bone but idk what the hell is going on with their anatomy otherwise

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lime wiped the sweat from their brow, tossing their wrench to the floor. The ship's upper engine had been acting up, and they'd just finished aligning the output again. Nothing.

They growled. Their back was still sore, and this was the last thing they needed to deal with. The engine had been rattling and sputtering fumes for the past few days, and they'd just started to root into the side console to see if it was an issue with the controls.

"Piece of shit," Lime muttered as they unscrewed the paneling. Their clothes were drenched with sweat, and they could barely see from the condensation on their visor. Working with the engine was always the worst; opening it up was like being face-to-face with the hot coals of hell.

Their feet were shaky as they attempted to comb through the wiring. It didn't help that their back and legs were starting to cramp again, and the press of the heat and steam from within made it hard to breathe. Lime huffed, wiping more sweat from their neck.

They considered giving up and just letting the damn thing rattle, but Blue's words kept ringing through their mind. *I appreciate the work you do for our ship*, they had said. Lime hated the thought of letting them down, as little as they cared to admit it.

Maybe there really was something in that pill they'd taken. That had to be it, because there was no way they were so incapable of thinking of anything but Blue. Witchcraft, indeed—they'd started keeping a crucifix beneath the medbay vent to ward it off, but that damn aura kept drawing them there even when they were actively trying to avoid it.

They wondered what Blue was doing and winced, fighting through the nausea and exhaustion in their bone. They couldn't think about that; they had to focus on the damn engine in front of them.

Right, they thought as they braced themself. Their body was a temple, and they would keep it pure, give it only to the steel of hot, fuel-blooded machinery. No late-night contemplations of Blue's sturdy hands or strong bone structure, that was for certain.

They grabbed their cutters and fought to work through their growing haze, their hands trembling and clammy. It felt like ages before they finally managed to fix the wiring; all that was left was replacing the panel. Lime's head pounded as they reattached it and leaned against the foot of the engine, unsteady. Just as they were about to move, the motor sputtered and blasted them with a cloud of soot, covering them in black ash.

Lime stamped their foot. "*Oh, I'll get you, you damn gremlins*," they barked, wincing at the pounding of their head. They quickly re-adjusted the engine and stopped to collect themself,

looking down at their overalls. Their entire body was caked in grime, and wiping their sweat-streaked visor only smeared more across it.

They'd have to shower. The closest one was in the medbay, but they'd be damned if they were going back there. Maybe that fish of Purple's would let them take a dip with it.

Lime made their way through the hall, sweating through their clothes as they stumbled over themselves. The walls veered and lurched, and the full ache of their body seemed to have hit them all at once; they barely processed the medbay door opening before their legs gave out and the room went black.

Then, there was nothing, and the next thing they knew, they were blinking awake in Blue's arms. Blue looked concerned, their gaze traveling from Lime's face to the grimy mess of their clothes.

"Lime, you just fainted. What happened to you?"

Lime groaned. The room seemed to soften and blur before slowly coming into focus again.

"...Fixin'—the engine," they managed. They squirmed in Blue's arms, still faint and somewhat dizzied by the sight of their visor above them. Not good. "Look—I'm fine, big dog. No need to be holdin' me like this or anythin'."

Blue furrowed their brow. "I'm taking you to the medbay," they said decisively, lifting them bridal style across their chest. Lime swatted at them weakly, their face burning. It was embarrassing, nauseating, and as soon as they hit the cot in the medbay, they had dropped into sleep again.

Everything was slow and thick and feverish, the landscape of their dream shifting to the reactor room. Blue was standing in the soft glow of the core, and then Lime was there—rapt and strangely unable to move.

They exhaled as Blue drew closer to them, dragging their fingers along their sides, the small of their back. The fevered heat of their hands on them, soft but certain, brought a fresh warmth to their skin.

"Lime," Blue said tenderly.

Lime swallowed. "Yeah?"

"Lime," Blue said again. "Lime, can you hear me?"

Lime started as they were thrown from the dream, their heart pounding. Blue had been calling their name; they were standing beside the cot with a glass of water and a worried expression.

"You lost consciousness again," Blue said.

Lime took a breath, grabbing at themselves with clammy hands. Overalls still on, suit still intact, wrench still in their pocket. Just as greasy and soot-covered as before. At least it didn't seem like their organs had been harvested.

Blue placed a wet cloth on their forehead. “I believe you’re suffering from heat exhaustion. Please drink; you’re severely dehydrated.”

Lime groaned and rubbed their forehead, then downed some of the water. “Shit, what I really need is some of the holy stuff.”

Blue nodded and retrieved the jar of holy water Lime had given them earlier. “I’ve been keeping this here to prevent any mishaps. Perhaps you’d like to use it now.”

“...Thanks,” Lime muttered, dipping their fingers into it and making a sign of the cross. They sprinkled a bit of it around themselves, and Blue watched them with a gentle expression.

“Your faith must bring you a great deal of comfort,” they noted softly.

Lime grunted. “Only thing that makes sense in this damn world.”

Blue put a hand on their heart. “I understand, and I know that your reliance on prayer and distrust in medicine comes from past experience. I just ask that you stay here for a while and allow me to aid in your recovery.” They lowered their voice, gazing into Lime’s face. “...Will you trust me again?”

Lime exhaled. They didn’t have much of a choice; their body felt too weak to move. Still, they hated being subject to the same hormone-inducing spells that came with staying there.

“...Fine,” they muttered, “but I’m makin’ the choice not to take any more pills or nothin’. My body is a temple—I’m keepin’ it pure.” Pure of Blue, they’d hoped, but their resolve had already weakened as Blue squeezed their palm.

“Thank you, Lime," they said. "I promise I’ll care for you well.” They went to the sink and wet another washcloth. “May I wipe the soot off of your face and perform a small examination? I just want to assess how you’re doing—nothing invasive.”

Lime crossed their arms. “Yeah, fine, whatever.”

Blue brought a hand to Lime's cheek and wiped it tenderly with the cloth. The dampness was a relief on Lime’s fevered skin, and they sighed, leaning in slightly as Blue polished their visor.

Blue smiled. “Much better.” They pulled a thermometer from their pocket and showed it to Lime. “I’m going to take your temperature and listen to your heart, now,” they said.

“My heart’s fine,” Lime blurted.

Blue held up their hand. “I just want to check if you’re experiencing any arrhythmias. It’s not recording your heartbeat or taking any form of data.”

Lime huffed and looked away, allowing Blue to take their temperature. It was always so difficult to look them in the eye; Lime's gaze traveled from the posters on the wall to the handles of the filing cabinets as Blue read the thermometer's digital screen.

“Slight fever, but not too severe,” Blue commented. They took their stethoscope from their neck and placed the end to Lime’s skin. Lime swallowed. Their pulse was already thrumming, and as soon as Blue touched them, it seemed ten times louder. They grew aware of the thick silence of the room, their ragged breathing the only other thing audible.

It had to be the air in the place that was causing it—that was it. Lime wiped the sweat from their neck and glanced back at Blue, whose face was deep with concentration. They could nearly feel the heat of their visor from how close they were.

Christ, they were close enough to *kiss* them, they thought. The image flashed in their mind before Blue brought them back to reality, pocketing their stethoscope. “Your heart rate is elevated, but that’s quite normal for heat exhaustion," they said. They sat at their computer and began typing away at it.

“So… I’m fine?” Lime asked.

“I don’t believe any serious neurological damage occurred, but it’s best if you stay a while for monitoring.” Blue hummed. “How has the pain in your back been?”

“Eh… not great,” Lime admitted. The past few days of working certainly hadn’t helped.

“And can you explain what happened prior to you fainting?”

Lime tapped impatiently on the cot. “Engine’s control panel was goin’ to shit, so I had to rewire everything.” They scowled, thinking of the work on the reactor they also had yet to do. “Was probably sabotaged just like everythin’ else on this damn ship. I was workin’ on it, and I had to get all up in the base where it’s hotter than the devil’s backyard from all the fuel burnin'. Then, as soon as I fixed it, the alignment got thrown off and I was blasted with soot.” Lime retied their bandana, the rim caked with black ash. “The injector is clogged, so the combustion efficiency’s been pretty crappy for a while, now.”

Blue drew their thumb along their desk. “Oh, dear, I see. I’m not very knowledgeable about mechanical workings myself, but I do admire how capable you are when it comes to… fixing things.”

Lime fiddled with their hands. “Eh. Loved machines since I was a kid,” they said.

“It’s quite charming,” Blue replied. “Your passion for things, I mean.” They cleared their throat before returning to their computer, beginning to hastily type at something.

Lime’s head felt strange as the word passed through them. *Charming*. Blue thought they were charming. They kept turning that word over in their mind as they watched Blue type, finishing what they were writing before clicking out of the program.

"That's done," Blue said, going to the sink to wash their hands. “Now, I was also hoping to aid you in cleaning some of the soot from your body.”

Lime startled. “What—*aid* me? I don’t need no aid.” They knew that was a lie; they were still too weak to stand, and their back was somehow sorer than before. “...Why do I even need to

be washed? Havin' a bit of filth is natural. It's like God's way of markin' you."

Blue folded their hands together. "...I'd never do anything you're not comfortable with, but I strongly feel that it's within your best interest. If you stand and shower yourself, you risk falling, and it's ill-advised to keep this amount of contaminant on you."

Lime's cheeks warmed. They'd been somewhat aware of their own smell—a mix of gasoline, coal, and tar—but every part of their instinct still protested. "I ain't submittin' to your plan to bathe my body in chemicals before you open it up," they muttered.

The thought of being all vulnerable and naked before Blue was too much. It made them far more open to stabbing from behind, for one. Without any of the tools in their pack, they'd be completely defenseless.

"I assure you, you'll be safe with me," Blue said gently. They came and placed a hand on Lime's. "You said you trust me, right?"

Lime cursed at the way their heart fluttered. It wasn't a good sign that the mere thought of Blue touching them made them feel as though they couldn't breathe.

They closed their eyes. "...Fine," they growled, batting Blue away, "swoon swoon, or whatever. But you're cuttin' that camera in the corner. I ain't gettin' myself recorded and posted for everyone on my forums to see."

Blue agreed and draped a towel over the lens, then set to work filling a basin of water.

"I'll just use a mild soap solution to wash you," they said, taking some towels and washcloths from the closet.

"Yeah, whatever," Lime grumbled, embarrassed. Blue set the tub of water at the foot of the cot, pulling up their chair. They gave Lime a towel to drape over their legs before thumbing the clasp on their backpack.

"May I undress you, now?" Blue murmured. Lime couldn't bring themself to speak; they only managed to nod, their throat warm.

Blue unbuckled their pack and placed it to the side, then reached for Lime's overalls. Lime was struck by how quiet the room had gotten, how alone and intimate Blue's body above them was. They could hear the soft draw of Blue's breath as they unbuttoned Lime's straps, spreading their legs slightly.

Lime was frozen still, the blood rushing thick in their ears. They could feel their skin growing hotter as Blue grasped the sides of their overalls, drawing them down.

Christ, they were actually going to be naked in front of them. The panic in Lime's brain took over, and they kicked Blue's hands away, flailing around on the cot.

"Don't take my organs!" Lime cried, before realizing how hard they had hit them. "...Oh. Sorry."

Blue rubbed the back of their hand. “...It’s quite alright. I apologize for scaring you. I can let you remove your clothes yourself, and if this is too uncomfortable, we can stop.”

Lime looked to the floor. “...Nah,” they muttered, “it’s fine. I’ll just do it.” They reached down and tugged their overalls off, tossing them to the corner. Just the movement of bending over sent a pang of pain through them, and they laid back again with a defeated huff.

Blue applied a bit of soap to a washcloth and drew closer. Lime could nearly feel the heat of their breath above them, their visor gleaming in what almost looked to be admiration. Surely they were taking a mental note of their bone length so they could pawn it off on dark web.

“...I’ll start here,” Blue said, drawing the cloth along Lime’s chest. They worked to lather around the front of their suit and down their thighs, their touch exceedingly gentle. Lime let out a shaky breath, felling them reach around their hips to the small of their back. Their movements were slow and tender as they dried them, and Lime felt unable to breathe through Blue’s proximity to their face. They swallowed as Blue drew away, now acutely aware of the heat in their throat.

“Much better,” Blue murmured, their voice slightly rough. They coughed. “Of course, this was, once again, strictly to assist you with removing contaminant from your body, and I’m satisfied with the results.” Lime nodded as they held each other's gaze, certain their heart couldn’t beat any louder through the silence.

The moment was broken by a firm but polite knock on the door.

“Doctor?” Orange called from the hallway.

Blue jolted. “Yes,” they replied, “that is me, a doctor. A medical professional. I am very professional.”

“Um, okay. I just wanted to get back to you with those forms for the accident report.”

“You can leave them by the door,” Blue said hastily. They waited until Orange’s footsteps disappeared down the hall, then exhaled.

“So… we done?” Lime asked.

Blue blinked, jumping to their feet.

“Yes,” they said, beginning to pace about the room. “I’m going to wash your clothes while I go to admin and return that paperwork.” They dumped the basin of water and threw the rest of the towels together with brisk efficiency. “I’ll also bring you food from the cafeteria and inform Red of the situation with the engine. While I’m gone, you may put on this gown.”

They gave Lime a thin paper gown from a nearby drawer.

“’l’ll be off,” they let out, disappearing before Lime could reply.

Lime took a deep breath, trying to calm themselves. They managed to put the gown on and sit up slightly, still tingling from the sensation of Blue’s touch at their sides.

They looked over at the jar of holy water beside their bed and scowled. “Whatever you’re doin’, it ain’t workin,” they muttered.

They had to admit that, at times, it truly seemed like Blue was interested in them; perhaps they had seen a gremlin and had fallen under some sort of love-inducing spell, but it was too much to think about now.

Lime rubbed their forehead, considering their options. The coast was clear for them to crawl into the vent again, but their legs were far too weak. They figured another sprinkling with holy water was the best course of action, then a retrieval of their spare crucifix from their bag.

With a sigh, they closed their eyes, drifting off to the thought of Blue’s touch—soft and cleansing.

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They woke to the sound of Blue re-entering the room, locking the door behind them. Lime sat up and rubbed their visor, still groggy, and reached instinctively for their chest. Yep—organs still intact.

“Cyan is drying your clothes,” Blue told them. They handed Lime a slice of pizza and a glass of milk. “How are you feeling now?”

“Eh, a bit better,” Lime admitted. It was nice to be clean and rested a bit, though they wished they could find the strength to walk. They ate the pizza, grunting. “I just feel weak as hell.”

“And your back?”

“Still hurts.” They thought of the reactor and sighed in frustration. “How am I supposed to keep this damn ship powered if I can’t even walk? I won’t fix anything at this rate.”

Blue seemed to think for a moment. “Do your muscles still feel tense and overly tight?”

“Like I’ve been strung up to dry,” Lime grumbled. “Can barely move, that’s for sure. Them damn aliens could ambush me and sabotage every motor on this ship, and I couldn’t stop ‘em if I tried.”

“I see.” Blue cleared their throat. “I find your dedication to our ship quite admirable, and I know that being in such an injured state can be very distressing. As such, I’d like to extend my offer of a massage again, to help with the pain you’re experiencing.”

Lime felt their pulse quicken again at the thought. Their apprehension was still there, but any form of protest seemed to die in their throat.

“Well—you think it’d help my back?” they asked.

Blue looked into Lime's eyes. "I do. And I also understand that you wish to avoid being in a such a compromising position, but I promise that you can entrust me with it." They made a series of professional-looking hand gestures. "If you would allow me to, it will be considered strictly a medical procedure in which I am helping you with a pre-existing injury."

Lime let out a shaky breath. "Fine," they said, "what d'you want me to do?"

Blue cracked their knuckles. "...Just lie on your stomach, if you're able to. I'll give you a towel for modesty." They washed their hands at the sink as Lime turned over, acutely aware of how exposed they were. Their holy water sat eye-level with them on the bedside table; at least it was there within reach.

Blue untied Lime's gown and draped a folded towel over them, running their hands along their back. "Where does it hurt most?" they asked.

Lime's breath caught as Blue pressed gently at their sides, their touch warm. "Everywhere," they managed.

Blue hummed and began to work across them in small circles, massaging the sides of their bone. They leaned into them slightly, and Lime swallowed.

"I can feel you're very tense. Just try to relax," Blue murmured, their voice rich and velvety. Lime furrowed their brow. The last thing they wanted was to relax and be caught off-guard, but Blue's touch felt like heaven, softening all the tension from their muscles.

They grunted. It felt *good*, the careful strength of Blue's hands as they kneaded and smoothed their lower back. Lime found themselves raising to the touch, warming from the pleasure of it.

Blue hummed. "Is it nice?" they asked, drawing closer.

Lime grumbled a half-reply, covering their face. They struggled to keep their breathing steady; it was hard when the slow glide of Blue's hands left their skin nearly tingling, arousal beginning to cloud their mind. They could so easily picture Blue climbing onto the bed, straddling them bare and pressing their body to their own.

Lime grabbed at the sheet beneath them. They groaned as Blue pressed closer to their waist, gliding in long, smooth circles with their fingers. They shifted their hips, flushing at the growing hardness of their cock.

Blue's breathing had gotten heavy. It was all Lime could hear over the pounding of their own heart—Blue's little huffs and hums as they stroked closer to Lime's thighs. Lime stifled another groan. They felt like they were melting beneath their hands, sinking into some feverish warmth that was only getting harder to control.

"Is this okay?" Blue purred, the honeyed fullness of their voice making Lime shiver. Lime swallowed; they were fully hard now and leaking into the sheets, every muscle in their body drawn to maintain their composure.

“...Uh huh,” Lime breathed. They didn’t know what to do. Getting up would only make it more obvious; perhaps they could make a run for the vent before Blue noticed how hard they were.

Whatever was happening, Blue seemed unconcerned with it. Their breathing had grown deeper still, and Lime wondered if their sweating was also a part of the room’s accursed air.

Lime buried their head in their pillow. Fuck, it felt good, though. The holy water certainly wasn't saving them now.

Blue pressed down to their hips, wrapping their hands around to the front of Lime's thighs. Their thumbs stroked further until they just managed to brush Lime’s hardness, flushed and hot.

Lime made a choked noise.

“Ah—I apologize,” Blue said, “I didn’t mean to touch your intimate area.”

“Screw off, you know it’s… you—” Lime let out a shaky breath, their face flaming.

“It’s a completely normal physiological reaction.”

“Shut up.”

This was ridiculous. This had to be the second step in their witchcraft—seducing them at the devil’s delight, just so they could be sent to hell as their organs were harvested.

Lime turned and looked Blue up and down, narrowing their eyes.

“I—I know what you’re playin’ at,” they growled.

Blue stared at them for a moment. “...You do?”

“Yeah. You’re tryin’ to put me under a spell so you can size me up and see how much my kidneys would go for.” Lime covered themself, their heart still racing. They cursed the heat between their legs, still thick and insistent.

Blue exhaled. “I would do no such thing, Lime, I assure you.”

“Uh huh. Then how do I know the shape of that thing in your coat ain’t some kind of scalpel or saw to get into my insides?”

Blue blinked and folded their hands over their lap. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Lime stared at them for a long moment, the gears slowly turning in their head. They paused at the faint blush on Blue’s cheeks, the thick sense of tension in the air.

Lime’s eyes widened. “Are you…?”

They looked down again; the faint outline of Blue's hardness was just visible as they turned away.

"…I apologize; this is very improper of me," Blue said.

They were both hard; Lime couldn't believe it. The doctor—Blue—was actively (at least somewhat) interested in them. Maybe it was one of their elaborate flattery schemes, just a way of trying to be nice to them like they did with everyone else.

Lime blinked, their fears of organ trafficking suddenly thrown out the window. "So—you're into this?" they asked dazedly.

Blue cleared their throat. "...I won't express any romantic intent towards you without proper consent. This is already a breach in ethics, I'm aware, but unless you state explicitly that you desire anything further, I won't impose my own feelings regarding this onto you."

Lime grunted. "Fine. I want you to tell me if you're actually, honest to God, into this."

"Oh—I am more than interested, Lime," Blue said lowly, "but if you want me to act upon it, you have to say so."

Lime felt their cock leak at the thought. All they wanted was a form of relief, the feverish heat of hell still pulling at them.

They groaned, hiding their face. "...Do I really gotta ask, though?"

"Of course," Blue cooed.

"Fine. I… want you to touch me," Lime gritted, shutting their eyes. They couldn't look at Blue directly. There was no way they'd ever be able to again, they were sure of it.

"...All over?" Blue purred, their voice rich in Lime's ear.

Lime swallowed and somehow managed to nod. "...Uh huh."

Seemingly satisfied, Blue unbuttoned their coat, slipping it off to reveal a perfect, smoothly sculpted body. Lime had no idea what kind of dark magic they had used to make themselves so attractive, but the sight kept them utterly transfixed, a fresh flush spreading across their neck.

They laid frozen as Blue unclasped their backpack, dropping it gently to the floor. Blue slowly climbed onto the cot with them, placing a hand on their back. The touch sent a shiver across Lime's skin.

"It's been… quite a while since I've done this with anyone," Blue murmured.

Lime turned to look at them, incredulous. "...What, you mean you haven't gotten it on with *anyone* else on the ship?"

Blue shook their head, caressing Lime's sides. "I'm a romantic at heart. I have to feel a mutual pull towards a person—mind, body, and soul—and that's something very rare."

"And you chose *me* of all people to do this with?" Lime was dumbfounded. Maybe there was really something in the water.

"Indeed." Blue held Lime's cheek. "I've scarcely been able to resist you. It's your passion, your unconventional manner… those rough, capable hands," they purred, brushing Lime's fingers.

Lime laughed weakly. "I ain't capable of doing shit as it stands." The words died in their throat as Blue ran a hand along their thighs, pushing them open.

"Are you capable of… taking me?" they murmured.

Lime's mind went utterly blank. They swallowed, their throat tight.

"Yeah," they breathed. "Think so."

Blue positioned Lime on their hands and knees, leaning over them. Lime flushed at the warm weight of Blue's body, pressed firm against the bare skin of their back.

"You fit perfectly beneath me," Blue whispered into their ear. Lime keened as they kissed their neck, their breath trailing downward. "I've always found your small stature charming."

There was that word again—*charming*. Lime had never been called anything of the sort in their life, and it seemed to only cloud their mind further. They covered their face again, inhaling shakily.

Blue stroked the inside of their thighs, teasing the base of their cock, and Lime was honest-to-God trembling for it. They were hot with a mixture of shame and arousal, now dizzy with the need for Blue to touch them.

Blue stroked their legs further, trailing along the skin. "You're incredibly aroused," they hummed.

Lime huffed, their cheeks hot. "...No shit," they managed, gasping as Blue took them into their hand.

"Don't worry," Blue whispered, "I am, too."

They brought their hips to Lime's, and Lime could feel the heat of their cock, pressed thick and full between their thighs. Blue dragged themself against them, caressing the curves of their backside.

"You're so beautiful," Blue purred, stroking Lime's cock with their thumb. Their touch was warm and velvety, drawing a groan from Lime as they teased the thick underside of their head.

God, they were good at this. Lime was grateful Blue couldn't see their face; they didn't think they'd be able to take it.

Blue kissed Lime's neck, rutting gently against their back. Lime could feel them leaking, blunt and hot between their thighs. They stroked Lime faster, and Lime shivered, the pleasure sending a fresh rush of heat through them.

"*Lime*," Blue breathed, their voice low and ragged. They panted at Lime's ear, bucking harder into the space beneath them. Lime was dizzy with want, rapt at the feeling of Blue sweat-soaked and burning on their skin.

Their breath caught as they leaked into Blue's hand, trembling at the hot drag of their palm. Their pleasure was mounting fast.

"Shit," Lime panted, "I'm warnin' you right now, if you keep…"

Blue exhaled, working their thumb along their tip. "Are you going to come?" they asked, their voice thick.

Lime tensed and grabbed at the sheets, nodding as Blue stroked them faster. They trembled just as their pleasure peaked, releasing in long crests across Blue's hand.

"*Jesus*," they groaned. Blue stroked them until they were entirely spent, breathless and shivering beneath them.

"Oh, Lime," Blue moaned softly, "I—I'm going to come too." They grasped Lime's hips, bringing their bodies flush. Lime felt them shudder as the warmth of their come spilled across their thighs, their damp skin pressed hot to their own. Blue made a low noise in their throat, rutting against them before slowing with a shaky breath.

Lime sighed as Blue let go of them, their entire body limp. Blue sat back on the cot, and Lime slumped onto their back, slowly coming down from their high.

It felt like all the stress they'd built up for the past five years had been drained from them. They blinked, acutely aware of the thrumming of their heart, how sweaty and breathless they were.

"I—have a hard time believing that just happened," they managed, staring at the ceiling.

Blue smiled and reached to caress their cheek, turning their head to theirs.

"...Did you find it enjoyable?" they murmured.

Lime's face burned. They looked away again.

"Yeah," they grumbled.

"...Then, may I kiss you?" Blue asked softly. They also had a faint blush on their cheeks.

Lime blinked and nodded. Blue drew them into their face, their visor warm against Lime's own. Lime felt like they were floating, their mind utterly blank beyond Blue's gentle gaze, the tender feeling of their touch.

Blue smiled and slowly pulled away.

"Although I'm aware that this is a severe breach in professionalism, I had… been wanting to do this for quite a while."

Lime grunted. "Yeah, well. I'm not complaining either, so... thanks."

Blue slowly brushed themself off and went to the sink, washing their hands. They cleaned Lime and themselves with a towel, then brought them a glass of water.

"I'd also like to do that again sometime," Blue cooed.

Lime flushed and rested a hand on their chest, feeling for their own heartbeat. Still alive.

"Yeah. If I don't die of a heart attack or get hunted down by your licensing board first." *Or get sent to Hell*. They looked to the jar holy water beside them; they couldn't decide if it had helped or condemned them, but at least they didn't lose a limb to anything.

Blue grabbed their coat from the ground, beginning to button it up before there was a knock at the door.

"Hey, Blue?" Purple called. "I haven't been able to see anything on the camera in there, I think there's something blocking it. You mind if I check it out?"

Blue startled and fumbled with their half-open clothes.

"I'll—" they cleared their throat, their voice rough. "I'll investigate it myself, Purple, thank you."

Lime snickered and pulled their hospital gown back on.

"Y'know... my back is actually feelin' a bit better," they said. "I can probably get to workin' on the reactor again soon."

Blue took their hand in their own. "Only if I can watch you," they said fondly.

Lime grinned. "Heh. Deal."

Chapter End Notes

1. I have no idea how engines work. I apologize if my descriptions of machinery are all awful

2. Crewmates are legit so hard to describe in terms of anatomy (re: me agonizing over whether to write “eye” or “face” or “visor” and me writing "arm" and "neck" hoping people will get what I'm metaphorically referring to) but for genitalia I just imagined them having retractable dicks lmao

Anyways. THANK YOU for reading and for all of the attention on chapter 1. The comments and kudos fueled me so much, I appreciate each and every one :]

I've also written the fic Unsteady as I am if you'd like to check out some Red x Purple smut!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!